

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

Vol. II.—No 32.

Lexington, Kentucky, Saturday, February 6, 1892.

Subscription, \$2 a Year.

Barley to Moore
Editor

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED.
—THE—
SILVER ASH
INSTITUTE
—FOR THE TREATMENT OF—
DRUNKENNESS
AND THE
OPIUM HABIT.
SAFE, SURE, SCIENTIFIC.
CYNTHIANA, KY.
OFFICERS.

C. E. Wharton, O. C. Wheeler,
President. Manager,
Dr. L. S. Givens,
Physician in charge.
Dr. O. J. Gronendyke,
Consulting Physician.

CYNTHIANA, KY., Jan., '92.
R. B. Neal, Centerville, Ky.
Dear Sir—We believe the Silver Ash Institute located in our city for the treatment of the liquor habit and cure of drunkenness is worthy of our commendation, and so far as results are concerned (in one individual case of which we know) the treatment has been satisfactory.

A. Williamson,
W. L. Northcutt,
A. A. Dille,
W. N. Northcutt,
L. S. Givens, M. D.
From a Lexington Confederate Soldier.

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 2, 1892.
C. C. Moore.

DEAR SIR—Mr. J. C. Hays, a worthy farmer who has just moved to Kentucky and bought the Buchanan farm near Versailles, wishes you to send him the Blade; post office address, Versailles, Ky. I enclose you check on Second National for my subscription.

Yours truly,
THOMAS S. LOGWOOD.
In view of a recent occurrence, it does me good to get the support of a Confederate soldier. No man more exemplary, honest and energetic than Mr. Logwood lives in Lexington, but I never heard it hinted that he wanted an office.

An Unjust Letter that a Christian Preacher Marked "Private."

HOUSE CAVE, KY., Dec. 31, '91
Mr. C. C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.
KIND SIR—You need not send the Blue Grass Blade to me after Jan. 1, '92. I will pay what I owe to that date.

I don't consider that I owe you any subscription to your stock. I subscribe stock in a Prohibition paper, not a paper to be filled with infidelity.

Respectfully,
W. F. ROGERS

Mr. W. F. Rogers is a preacher in the "Christian" or "Reform" church.

This letter is marked at the top "Private." It is very natural that he should want it to be "private." I never saw or heard of Mr. Rogers until the time he subscribed to the stock of my paper. I have never seen him since.

His father was the intimate friend of my family. I met his father while I was getting up the stock of my paper and asked him if he would subscribe to it. He said he was not financially able to do so but that his son was, and told me to see him—that he was in town.

I found Mr. W. F. Rogers and handed him the subscription list. I do not recollect what I said to him, but think it was very little. I showed him at the head of the paper the obligation that had already been signed by many of the first citizens in the city.

He read, I think, what I showed him. If he did not read it, it was his own fault. No man ought to sign anything without reading it. The obligation which he signed simply stated that it was for stock in a newspaper to be edited in Lexington to be called the Blue Grass Blade. It did not say who was to edit it, and did not say what view of politics or religion it would take.

I would quote the heading if I had it at hand. I may have told him it would be for Prohibition, but am quite certain that I did not tell him there would be no

"infidelity" in it. I do not think I told him I was going to edit a Prohibition paper. My impression is that I told him the paper would be "edited in the interests of good morals generally."

It has been edited against all the popular evils, and in favor of all the most salient virtues, to the best of my ability, under the circumstances. Had it been edited in favor of saloons and Democracy, and avowed infidelity, I do not think he could at law avoid the obligation he has signed.

Certain Democrats here among whom were such lawyers as Judge Hunt and Mr. Shelby who wanted to avoid payment of their subscription on the same paper, did not claim at all that they were released by any failure on my part to comply with my part of the contract, real or alleged; but they avoided the payment by defeating the proposed incorporation of the stock holders, and thus availed themselves of a technical advantage.

Men of their standing do not generally avail themselves of a legal advantage, to avoid a debt that has at least some appearance of being equitable, if there is any other plea upon which they can avoid payment. I therefore infer that a learned judge, who was the leader of those who wanted to avoid the payment, has decided that a legal technicality was the plea to which they were driven, and that therefore the defense of Mr. Rogers was not, in the Judge's judgment, a tenable one.

There were other preachers in the Christian church embracing some who were among the most prominent of them, who signed that obligation. There were also other preachers in other churches who signed it. Every one of them has paid, and done it cheerfully, and paid me for their paper, most of them twice—for the year past and the coming year, and have all spoken kindly and encouragingly to me about the paper, except one preacher beside Mr. Rogers. The one alluded to is a mulatto preacher named Moore who has charge of the negro Baptist church in Lexington. Moore came to me and said "Will you allow a colored man to take stock in your paper?" I said "I would rather have you than any white man in town."

He has several times since met me and volunteered to tell me he would pay for his paper, but he declined to answer any notices of his indebtedness that I have sent him, that were of the same tenor as that sent to Mr. Rogers which elicited the reply above, and which asked them as kindly as I could to notify me that they would not pay me, if they did not intend to do so, so that I might close up their accounts on my book.

Since that was written Rev. Moore has again promised to pay—Editor.

There are to-day more preachers in the State of Kentucky, and in the United States, of various denominations, who are working to advance the circulation of the Blade, and sending me their money and encouraging letters, than ever did these for any paper published in the State of Kentucky, religious or secular. Just as I was sitting down to the table in my family room, on Sunday evening, to write this and other articles, Rev. A. Lushy of the Baptist church who lives in Owen county called to see me, to encourage me in my work with the Blade. He is a Prohibitionist and volunteered to take some copies of the Blade for distribution.

He is a poor man, but will pay for his paper. A little while before he came I was walking on the streets with Rev. Hiram Ford.

He is a well to do man. He is a minister in the Christian church, and was the Prohibition candidate for Congress from his district at the last election. He said to me "I have just been reading the Blade on Sunday evening."

They say you are doing more good than all the preachers in the state." He has paid for his paper.

I have lately printed a letter from Josiah Harris, late Prohibition candidate for Governor of Kentucky, and ex Chairman of the State Prohibition Executive Committee. He is a churchman in full fellowship in some church—I think the Christian. His letter ranked my services for the Prohibition party with those of Hadlock and Gambrell, and called upon all Prohibitionists in the United States, and in Kentucky especially, to support me.

I never saw Chairman Dickie of the National Executive Committee but once. He asked me if I had a Blue Grass Blade in my pocket in less than ten seconds after he saw me. He showed me distinguished honor and kindness in the presence of a body of the most prominent Prohibitionists in the State of Kentucky. The Blade has been going to him ever since, and he has never made any

complaint of my infidelity. George W. Bain the most prominent Prohibition orator of our state is the steadfast friend of myself and the Blade, and the last time I heard him speak he paid a pretty tribute to my services to the cause of Prohibition. Gen. Green Clay Smith once candidate for President of the United States, had received the Blue Grass Blade from the time it started. He is a minister in the Baptist church, and was the man who nominated me for a position on the Prohibition State Executive Committee when I was elected upon that Committee.

More Christian women of different churches in the State of Kentucky, and in the United States, are to-day friends of the Blue Grass Blade than of any paper ever published in this State. I do not know of a woman Prohibitionist in the state who does not take it and pay for it. Some of them are stock holders in the Blade and paid their stock without being notified.

I not only do not want any pay from Mr. Rogers for the Blade he has now received for more than a year but I want him to, and if he sends it, it will go back to his address at Horse Cave.

"If a man takes away thy cloak let him have thy coat also."

P. S. Since writing the foregoing my wife calls my attention to the fact that on one occasion I received from Rev. Rogers a postal card which was written in a jocular style but highly commendatory of the Blade. I remember distinctly that he had made a picture of a horse with his pen, and wrote the word "Cave" after it for Horse Cave, his post office, and I remember that the card complimented the paper. On one occasion before when I wrote to him for his subscription to the stock of the Blade, he assigned as a reason for not paying it, that his wife was sick.

Since the above was written Rev. Hiram Ford has paid me \$2.00 for the coming year.

"A Lady" Gives me a Slice of Sheol About "Woman's Rights."

LEXINGTON, KY., Jan. 12, '92.
C. C. Moore.

SIR—Have been reading your paper for the past few weeks (well aware that I was committing a sacrilege in so doing,) and concluded to take the liberty of writing a few lines to you.

First I wish to say a few words in regard to the prominent subject of your paper, which is "Woman's Rights." You seem to be a very strong advocate of this subject, but it seems to me impossible for any man who is a man to plead in favor of "Woman's Rights."

I can not believe that any man would like to have his wife's fair name made a common by-word of the common multitude, as it would be, were any woman to become a candidate for Mayor as you spoke of the women doing.

No man would enjoy seeing his wife so far neglect her household duties, her duties as a wife and mother as to desire to fill a man's sphere in life.

Would you like to see your wife leading a drunkard to a place of security, or would you like to see her standing among a noisy drunken crowd trying to produce order?

I do not think you would; and yet these are the duties of a Mayor.

I am glad to know that there are too many wise men in this enlightened age to allow such a thing to take place. But I am sorry to say that there are a great many women who, in order to become prominent, would, like yourself, give up all that they hold dear in this world.

Again, you claim the right for women to vote. A pretty sight it would be to see a crowd of women lounging around the polls with men of all classes, neglecting their homes and perhaps their little ones.

Women have their own sphere in life, just as men have theirs, and let them fill their place conscientiously. That is all that is required of them.

It is easy to be seen by your paper, that your ideas are not, in the least, consistent. You claim to be fighting hard (but only to become prominent) for Prohibition, (please spell it with a large P—Editor.) but of what use is Prohibition, or a better state of affairs if there is to be no "whereafter," and claim that if it were not for the fear of God and future punishment the crimes which you seemingly are fighting against, would be twofold what they are at present.

What persuasion could be used to convert a drunkard, if not the persuasion of "God" and the "hereafter?"

I heard a lady say not long ago that a child had no right to respect his or her parents. Is this not a beautiful theory to teach a child?

So it is with you. You wish to drive away drunkards and immorality, and all the time you are trying to poison men's minds with just such vile theories as the above. Trying to teach men to reverence God, when it is the reverence of God alone that (illegible) the world toward a better life.

I think if you were to put aside the attempt of being an editor and study until (parlor the liberty) take with your orthography—Editor) capable of talking, it would be a brilliant idea. Any man with any good moral sense, can but see how little you study Prohibition and morality.

The desire to become prominent over-rides all your better thoughts (if you have any) and, although I am a firm believer in Prohibition, I do not believe in the course you have taken to carry Prohibition.

Separate (pardon me again, if you please Madam, for another interference in your orthography, in that treacherous word, Editor) Prohibition and religion and the saloons will continue to thrive and flourish.

Respectfully,
A LADY.

Madam. As your pseudonym does not indicate what position you occupy with regard to matrimony, I assume to address you as Madam, not merely because, under the circumstances, the code requires it, but because the tone of your letter shows you to possess those traits that are absolutely irresistible to the masculine heart.

With your permission I will direct a part of my reply to you and then dropping the second person, I will assume the third, and crave your indulgence while I use your particular case as the basis of some incongruous remarks that I shall direct to the world in general, and which you may flatter yourself will be read with more or less interest from the frosts of Michigan and Massachusetts to the flowers of Florida and California.

I do not know exactly what constitutes "sacrilege," but your language indicates that you regard it as something wicked.

I am sorry that my paper has been the occasion of your doing violence to your conscience in the first place, and more sorry that you have persisted in it for several weeks subsequent.

I hope, you will not continue to do so. Please allow me to suggest to you that you have inadvertently confounded the prerogatives of a Mayor and those of a policeman. Abraham S. Hewitt as Mayor of New York and my distinguished kinsman, Carter Harrison, as Mayor of Chicago, have not felt themselves specially called upon to be leading around drunken men.

In the smaller towns, of Kentucky for instance, in such places as Lexington, Paris, Somerset and Frankfort, we have reports of Mayors being found in such condition as that they themselves had to be led to "places of security," but I have never known one of them to attempt so hazardous a feat as to try to lead anybody else that was drunk.

Your favorite mode of ratiocination seems to be the "argumentum ad hominem." I like it. There is a directness about it that economizes printer's ink.

The Mayor of Somerset, is a man opposed to Woman Suffrage. The Mayor of Kiowa, Iowa, is a woman and in favor of Woman Suffrage. The Mayor of Kiowa has lately distinguished herself by having all the liquor in all the saloons in her town poured into the streets, and having the saloon doors nailed up. The Mayor of Somerset is now in jail for having attempted a nameless outrage upon an insane lady put into his official care.

I hope it will be no offense to suggest to you that you would try to overcome your aversion to women mayors, if you had to be put either in the official care of the Mayor of Kiowa or in that of the one of Somerset, and were left to make your choice.

You very properly suggest that "women have their own sphere in life." My friend, the lamented "Artemus Ward" heartily agreed with you, and was accustomed to say that he "liked to see a woman in her proper sphere."

Many men and even women have made the same remark; but the sentiment as to what constitutes the "proper sphere" of women is not now so uniform as it was some years since.

Your suggestion that I should "put aside the attempt of being an editor, and study until I am capable of talking," while perhaps not couched in language so melodious as that of my friend James Lane Allen, is, nevertheless, a point well taken, and a suggestion upon which I have twice

upon which I have twice been in the editing of the Blade, and so frequently so greatly surprised that it is a matter of no little surprise that my oblique "sign manual" as "Editor" of the Blade stands at the head of its columns.

With these suggestions I will excuse you and address myself to the public on the supposition that you are not present. This I would have a right to do in journalistic courtesy, you being incognito, even if I admit that you are what you sign yourself to be.

And now, to the pulpit and the pen of this state, and this city, I say that you are responsible for the existence of that instance of

There is a woman who, as a result of your ignorance or, what is worse, your knavery, not only believes in a devil, but believes that the only true incentive to morality is the fear of the "hereafter," as she calls it.

I do not believe there is any woman about this letter's being the production of a woman. It is not that of a man in disguise.

Not merely that chiropography, the punctuation which I corrected to make it intelligible, the spelling and the sentiment have the ear marks of uncultured humanity.

I do not blame the woman. I blame her. She is the victim of circumstances which her intellectual masculine superior placed around her, and I think I am right in saying that it is with her fault among us cast the first stone at her. But in a town where there is not one single white man, or editor, who believes in a kind of a devil, any more than does in any kind of a sin, and a shame and disgrace that the clergy are on to that ancient superstition Torquemada held

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head and butter, are at least convincing at the belief of such a doctrine, upon exactly the same principle that prompted Demetrius the silversmith, namely; that increased enlightenment would ruin their trade. Any man that would now teach that doctrine for the purpose of enforcing by servile fear the lovely precepts of Jesus of Nazareth, would yell "Bully for Diana of the Ephesians!" if he thought he could make more by so doing. And then a lot of intellectually emaculated and sycophantic ink slinger, with the cerebral capacity of chimpanzees, and the moral capacity of billy goats, will boost these theological galoots until, in the estimation of the whole durned town, Josephine K. Henry is a crank and this woman that writes me this letter is a *casta diva*.

No wonder men of brains ask if life is worth living, and that Mr. Darwin has so easily established as scientific truth, our common descent from the monkey.

Jolly Cap Ain Ben. Comments upon the Lexington Transcript's anti-Prohibition Whisky Story.

WHISKY IN A WHALE.

A sperm whale forty feet long got over the bar at Ocean City Md., during the high tide several nights ago and was left high and dry on the beach by the receding water. All night long his struggles could be heard by the crew of the life-saving station near by.

They sounded like the heavy beatings of the surf. After the levitation was dead the residents in the neighborhood gathered and cut away the blubber. In cutting open the monster's stomach there were found a number of empty bottles and a five gallon demijohn, corked and sealed, of elegant dry whisky. It is supposed that the whale followed in the wake of the United States steamer Dispatch, which was wrecked some months ago, and swallowed the demijohn as it was floating out of the wreck.—[Lexington Transcript.]

NEE Sweet Long-chaw for Bro. Neal and me.

The Blade, the Worker and five other papers will combine, and the circulation all together will be 10,000 copies. Rev. Robert B. Neal and Charles Moore will have the management of the Blade. Mr. Neal having charge of the business management and Mr. Moore the editorial department. Mr. Neal was thrown from a buggy about nine years ago, and was so injured that he gave up the ministry, and desiring to do all the good he could, he devoted his time to journalism. Besides editing the Worker, he had the management of five other papers. If a sick man could accomplish so much, how that he is well, he is all sufficient for the task he has undertaken. There can be no doubt about Moore's part. He don't begin any work with doubts as to its success. He knows no such word as fail, and now having associated with him such a grand man and worker as our friend, R. B. Neal, great good will be accomplished.—[Corinth Independent.]

LEXINGTON, Dec. 29, '91.
FRIEND MOORE—The enclosed clipping is from the Lexington Transcript of this date.

It strikes me that the story it tells is of a miracle worked for your special benefit.

If a modern civilized whale would be foolish enough to swallow five gallons of "excellent old rye whisky," and then throw himself out of the water and commit suicide because of his sin—if, I say, a modern civilized whale would do this, is it unreasonable to suppose that a whale who lived in a dark and barbarous age, when Jonah had his little unpleasantness with the Lord, would have hesitated to swallow a runaway missionary, and in the course of three days get tired of the job, and "throw up" the load of sin he was carrying, on dry land, or any other convenient place he could find to throw him up, where he would not be liable to again come across him, and make a similar mistake?

I do not believe you are half so much of a heathen as you represent yourself to be, and think it just possible that this modern whale miracle may be the means of your redemption.

Consider the lesson herein taught and do not think every fish story is a fishing story.

Your Friend
SIMON.

P. S. Now if you want to publish the above as a joke on Jonah and yourself you can do so, but please don't tell anybody who wrote it. If you do, I will never write you another line.

Truly Yours,
BEN. S. DRAKE.

It looks to me like this country is making an unjust discrimination against me.

When I reason that way about that whale a preacher writes all the way from California to tell me how deeply it grieves him. But when Bro. Drake, in full fellowship and good standing, in Dr. Felix's church, talks that way, it's all right. But he's a Democrat and I am a Prohibitionist, and that makes a difference.

The proverb says "What's fair for the goose is fair for the gander," and I don't see why what's fair for the Drake is not fair for the duck; but it don't work that way.

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FOR THE SPRING! WHITE GOODS

IN SMALL AND LARGE CHECKS. IN WIDE AND NARROW STRIPES. IN PLAIN GOODS, NEW, PRETTY.

EMBROIDERIES

Pretty little edges in Swiss and Nainsook. Insertions to match edges. Handsome Match Sets in Nainsook, etc. Hamburg, etc. widths and qualities.

LACES

Torches, Smyrna, Maltese, new and pretty. Match sets in some qualities. Valenciennes, carefully selected stock, new

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Manufacturers and Dealers in

Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons etc.

Repairing promptly done and on reasonable terms.

They are also agents for FRAZER CELEBRATED CARTS. We also have a stock of PONY CARTS on hand.

COME AND SEE US.

BAKER and BROS.

WILSON & STARKS

CLOTHIERS!
TAILORS!

HATTERS!

FURNISHERS!

The Largest House, the Largest Stock and the Largest Business in Our Line in Central Kentucky.

If you need anything in our line don't buy until you have looked through our stock.

We are "leaders" in correct styles and low prices. Farmers are especially invited to make headquarters with us when in town.

WILSON & STARKS,

62, 64 and 66 E. Main Street.

Kaufman, Straus & Co.,

12 EAST MAIN STREET.

New goods are now arriving daily. Laces and embroideries are crowding our shelves from the narrowest to the widest and richest patterns. We show them in all sorts of materials. A treat for the ladies and a wholesome surprise to those who get our prices on them.

No lady in Lexington, anticipating to make up Spring Underwear, Children's or Misses' Dresses of White Goods, can afford to miss examining our stock of these goods.

Early Spring Woolen Dress Material. Novelty Suitings, the rarest and oddest of patterns, new entirely and pleasing to the eye; prices below actual anticipation, ranging from 50c to \$1 per yard. A new line of spring shades of Henriettes just opened, new colors, no change in price in spite of the additional duty on them.

WASH GOODS. Just received and put in stock a quantity of fine Zephyr Ginghams, all new patterns and coloring, modest pin stripes and checks, Scotch plaids and neat stripes. They are quoted at 30c; we have marked them at 20c per yard. A full line of dress Ginghams in new designs, estimated to be worth 15c; our price is 10c.

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR—SPECIAL SALE. Forty dozen Children's Muslin Drawers, six button holes, patent facing, at 10c a pair; worth 20c.

Ladies' Mother Hubbard Gowns; good muslin, well trimmed at 55c; they are worth 83c.

Ladies' Muslin Drawers, "Fruit of the Loom" Cotton, deep hem and tucks above, 22c; worth 40c.

Ladies' walking skirts, deep Cambric ruffle, at 49c; worth 75c.

New Spring Hosiery for Ladies and Gents. We were fortunate in securing many cases of Ladies' Cotton, Lisle and Silk Hosiery, in both black and fancy, prior to the going into effect of the administrative bill, and our prices thereon will show how these early purchases benefit our customers.

Ladies' regular made fast black Hose, regular price now 35c; we still have them marked 25c.

Ladies' black and colored Lisle Hose, worth 60c; we still offer them at 40c.

Ladies' fancy striped Cotton Hose, boot patterns, costing you now 40c; still marked at 25c.

TOILET ARTICLES. Colgate Turkish Bath Soap, a full dozen for 50c; 4711 Glycerine different sorts at 42c per box; Espey's Cream, genuine article, 20c; Vaseline, in bottles at 10c; Ammonia, for household purposes, only 10c per quart bottle.

KAUFMAN, STRAUS & CO.